05/08/2020 Slam Letters



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Slam Letters









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Chapter 1 by -

Dear Hypocrites,

You are like the crack in a dam. No one notices the problem until it is too late. Until the fissure is so big, the barrier splits apart - leaving nothing left to repair.

You tear families in two like a combine harvester. You destroy religion like an incarnate devil. You seize every opportunity in life to slaughter truth.

Truth... Yes. That which you cloak yourself behind. "All in the name of truth!" You vow just like us. But your words strike no chord of loyalty. They shake no inner commitment. You repeat and go through vain and empty motions, and all - all to what end?

To no particular end but to seek your own pleasures and in doing so ruthlessly invalidate our lives. You are the loathed and despised in this world.

So perhaps you should stay locked up in a closet?

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A spin off of Slam Poetry Dear Anon,
Is this your attempt at putting a cork in the cracked dam? An anonymous letter to the masses, "no one notices the problem", you say, in other news a boy cried wolf. You repeat and go through vain and empty motions, those other people, those - those hypocrites. They are the problem, not me, how it could it be me? Can you not feel my written passion? There is a word for those who write letters that will never be answered, to people who don't care and will never change. That word is impotent. Vain and empty motions? Look in the mirror. I ask of you, to what end your letter?
It's going to be snug in that closet with the two of us.
Duplicitously yours,
Hypocrite
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